

RECORD RUSH EXPECTED FOR THE GREAT VICTORY LOAN

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1917

One Halfpenny.

FRITZ TAKES A TRIP TO ENGLAND AT OUR EXPENSE—ANOTHER BATCH OF PRISONERS COMES OVER.



Two men who look perfectly contented.



Wounded man wearing Iron Cross ribbon.



On the deck of the steamer. They are a motley crew, and one of them is smoking a long German pipe.



Walking down the gangway on arrival at a British port.



We see these sailors on board a submarine?

Both naval and military prisoners came over on the steamer. The wounded man seen with the sailor wore the Iron Cross ribbon, but many of the officers and men we have captured possess the medal which the Kaiser has distributed with so lavish a hand. Some

of the men were very dejected and others quite cheerful. To several of them it was only going from "home to home," for they were no strangers to England.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

WAR LOAN TO PAVE ROAD TO VICTORY.

Record Rush Expected for Prospectus of New Issue.

SHOW YOUR PATRIOTISM.

In two days' time the nation will have the opportunity of subscribing to Great Britain's "Victory War Loan"—the greatest loan in the world's history.

A mighty success for this Loan is as essential for the ultimate triumph of the Allies as is a great military success, and it will be a success only if every man and woman in the land realises the urgency of the need.

The power of the purse in bringing the war to a speedy end should not be underestimated by the great mass of the public.

The issues at stake are colossal. Is every man and woman alive to the fact?

There should be no question about this," commented a City banker to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"During the next few days the Government should take every step in their power to make the nation realise the tremendous character of the struggle, and how the security of one and all is bound up with the outcome of the conflict.

LUXURIES SHOULD GO.

"Apart altogether from the attractive terms which are certain to be offered to the investor on Thursday, it cannot be repeated too often that it is the patriotic duty of everyone with money available, of everyone who expects to have money available during the coming months, to buy the new War Loan stock."

"Every luxury of any kind should be cut, and expenditure in every direction reduced in order to save and lend to the 'Victory Loan.'"

"The Government will meet the case of the investor who applies for more stock than he

OUR DEBT OF £3,461,852,900.

Here are the principal items in the British debt up to December 31, 1916:—

2½ per cent. Consols	£280,466,000
4½ per cent. War Loan, 1915	899,997,000
5 per cent. Exchequer Bonds (repayable 1919-1921)	333,515,000
6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds (repayable 1920)	169,204,000
Treasury Bills (repayable this year)	1,115,043,000
Loans raised in U.S.	161,370,000
"Ways and Means" advances	141,156,000
Book debt to Banks of England and Ireland	13,646,000

can afford at the moment by spreading the instalments over a lengthy period.

"It is probable also that there will be a departure from the rule that £100 shall be the minimum for applications for stock direct to the Bank of England.

"The minimum may be reduced to £75 and even £50, which, of course, will further simplify matters for the small investor.

"The public must bear in mind that the mere conversion of existing holdings in War Loan Stock, Exchequer Bonds and Treasury Bills will do absolutely nothing to ensure the success of the new loan.

"No less than £2,000,000,000 worth of such holdings is expected to be redeemed in the new loan, but it is new money that the Government want. This £2,000,000,000 has already been lent to the Government, and everyone must buy fresh stock for every sovereign he can possibly spare."

In official circles a record rush for prospectuses of the Victory War Loan is anticipated, and the Bank of England authorities have now opened a special Office of War Loans at Nos. 3-6, Lombard-street, to deal with the thousands of applications for allotment which will pour in during the week.

An official said yesterday that twice as much paper had been used in the prospectuses than was the case in any former loan.

In all about 300 tons of paper, involving at least 20,000,000 documents, will have to be distributed by the bank's staff of some 2,500 workers.

THE WOMAN BAKER.

How More Young Men Can Be Released for the Army.

In granting a further period of exemption to a bread baker, aged thirty-two and single, the deputy chairman of the House of Commons Appeal Tribunal said yesterday:—

"We know bakers are scarce, but I am glad to see they are going to employ women. This will release some of the young bakers for military service. I cannot see why women should not bake."

PIANOS IN THE TREES.

BRISBANE, Monday.—Thrilling details continue to be received here of the flood disaster.

At Clermont, the inhabitants disregarded the police warning, and soon there was a raging torrent in the main street. A number of pianos were found hanging in trees.

The floods at various places were the greatest for the last fifty years.—Reuter.

HOME FROM BERLIN

Women Who Were Punished Rather Than Work for Huns.

GERMANY LONGS FOR PEACE.

FLUSHING, Monday.—Twenty-two men, women and children, all English, arrived here on Sunday evening from Germany.

The men are those released from Ruhleben. They all look completely broken in health after their thirty months' internment, and all tell the usual sad stories of starvation during their internment, which was only rendered bearable by the parcels received from home.

The released Englishwomen mostly come from Berlin. They confirm the lack of the most necessary foodstuffs.

Regarding the feeling about peace they say that everyone in Berlin is longing for peace, but that they have to fight.

Some of the women came from the Holzminden Camp, where they were interned because they refused to work for Germans.

One of the released men, who has been in hospital, says that there is a great scarcity of medicines in Germany.—Reuter.

AMERICA A LA MODE.

Brisk Trade in Spring Models for the U.S.A. Market.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Monday.—"Business as usual," but not for home consumption. That is the motto of the fashionable dressmakers of Paris, who are busy just now with orders for the flourishing neutrals.

Spring costumes of delicate tissues, in light colours, are now being designed and made up, not for the Parisienne to wear, but for the American buyer. There is a decided preference for bright and pretty tints; blues and vivid greens will be popular.

It is probable, however, that the models will be copied here in more sombre and quieter hues. The greater number of Parisiennes are in mourning to-day, and those who are not wish to avoid hurting other people's feelings by appearing in brilliant colours.

RUNAWAY TRAMCAR.

Conductress and 21 Passengers Injured in Smash in the Snow.

An alarming tramway smash took place on the Bradford Corporation system between Wyke and Bailiff Bridge yesterday.

A driver had to leave his tramway-car at the top of a steep hill. The car ran away down the hill and crashed into another one full of passengers.

Twenty-one passengers were more or less seriously injured. The conductress, Jennie Regan, was badly hurt.

OUR FUTURE OFFICERS.

Men To Have Longer Training Than Formerly—Age Raised.

Some interesting announcements were issued yesterday in connection with the Army entrance examinations.

It has been decided for the present to extend the length of the course of instruction at the Royal Military Academy to twelve months, and that at the Royal Military College to eight months.

The minimum limit of age for candidates competing for admission to the Royal Military Academy will in future be seventeen and a half instead of seventeen. This new rule starts with the Army entrance examination in next July.

Candidates must not have attained the age of eighteen and a half. The only exception to this rule will be in the case of a candidate who is serving in the Royal Navy, Regular Army, Special Reserve, Indian Army Reserve for Officers, Militia, Territorials or the forces of the Overseas Dominions.



A supply train arriving at the railhead in France.—(Official photograph.)

MARRIED HIS NURSE.

Sir Richard Udny Weds Again at the Age of 70.

ROMANCE OF AN ILLNESS.

Sir Richard Udny, K.C.S.I., and Miss Edith Phyllis Davies were married yesterday afternoon at Christ Church, Victoria-street, Westminster, the church where the bridegroom has been churchwarden for a number of years.

Sir Richard, who is a son of the late Mr. George Udny, Bengal Civil Service, was born in 1847, and he has had a distinguished career in India, having served as Political Officer with several expeditions, receiving medals and clasps, and as Chief of the Political Staff with the Tirah Expedition, besides acting on several important commissions.

He married first of all in 1883 Miss Alicia Tomkins, daughter of Mr. Samuel Tomkins, a London banker, but she died in 1904.

Miss Davies was a nurse, and it is stated that she formerly attended Sir Richard in an illness. The bride was escorted by her brother, Mr. F. W. Davies, who gave her away.

She wore a dress of navy blue poplin and nimon with an embroidered gold waistband, and carried a bouquet of white roses and pink carnations.

Dr. Aglionby, vicar of Christ Church, and the Rev. Samuel Udny, of Thornton Heath, brother of the bridegroom, officiated.

RETURN OF SNOW.

Winter Sales Bargain Hunters' Uncomfortable Time.

Women who travelled to London from the suburbs yesterday to attend the winter sales did so under uncomfortable conditions.

A searching south-westerly wind, accompanied by an icy rain and snow, swept across the metropolis, rendering the inspection of shop windows an extremely disagreeable business.

At nine o'clock in the morning the temperature was seven degrees above freezing-point; at two in the afternoon it was only four above it.

Severe as were the conditions which prevailed in London, however, they were worse in the country.

A blizzard raged on the Peak of Derbyshire, and there was a serious stoppage of outdoor employment.

In the Black Country traffic was greatly impeded, and outdoor work was practically at a standstill.

The landing-stage at Rhos Pier, near Llandudno, was blown away.

During a heavy gale in the Mersey the ferry services were partly suspended.

WOMAN'S MASQUERADE.

Fined at Chatham for Donning R.E. Officer's Uniform.

The extraordinary case of a married woman masquerading in the uniform of an officer of the Royal Engineers came before the stipendiary magistrate at Chatham yesterday.

The accused, Jane McGregor, admitted having gone into public-houses and had drinks. The uniform she said was lent to her, and she only wore it as a joke.

The magistrate told her she had behaved in a foolish and extraordinary manner and ordered her to pay 15s.

519 DIVORCE CASES.

Record Number of Domestic Disputes for Many Years.

Over 400 undefended divorce cases are in the list before the Law Courts sittings which open on Thursday.

The total number of matrimonial suits for the term is 519, compared with 213 last year. This is a record for many years.

GERMANY FEELING FAMINE PINCH?

Soldiers in Austrian Hospital on Short Rations.

HAMBURG'S PLIGHT.

"A patched-up peace might be secured by economic exhaustion but a peace such as we aim at can come only as the result of Germany's defeat in the field."

Thus writes a singularly well-informed correspondent to *The Daily Mirror*, in the course of an interesting account of the economic condition of Germany.

The best evidence of the increasing destitution in Germany, he writes, comes from a friend of mine, a member of a neutral Legation in Berlin, who fell ill merely from want of proper nourishment and who, after a fortnight spent in his own country, says that he has not yet recovered from the effects of his stay in the German capital.

REAL WANT OF FOOD.

Here are some striking examples of the actual state of affairs:—

A diplomatist who recently left Berlin reports that there is real want of food in Germany. Bread, fish and sausage-meat are still fairly plentiful, but the bread is bad, and the people live almost entirely on potatoes.

A doctor, who left Berlin at the end of October, gave it as his opinion that no other people would put up with the food conditions under which the Germans were living.

A Spanish journalist, of notorious pro-German proclivities, who was sent to Germany for the express purpose of writing a sensational article submitted on his return to Spain that Germany was suffering from a scarcity of food amounting in some districts almost to famine, but that the discontent and disaffection arising from this cause were very noticeable.

A Dutchman, who said that the situation in Hamburg in October was terrible. The people looked very weak. In his hotel there was no butter, no cheese, no milk, and a small piece of good, cast away shillings, and was quite tasteless, as there was no butter or fat to cook it in. There were constant small hunger riots.

DYING OF HUNGER.

Danes whose business has carried them to Saxony, Wurtemberg and Bavaria say that the opinion in commercial circles in those countries is that the people will not be able to resist much longer.

In the letters intercepted in the post and taken from prisoners of war there has been a steadily growing note of despondency, adds this correspondent.

Those from home tell of conditions not far removed from starvation, while those written by the soldiers on the Western front breathe a spirit of ever-deepening despair; but the dominating feature of nearly all the letters is the cry for peace, which seems to come from the very heart of the German people, and has found expression in the wild joy with which the peace proposals of the Chancellor were greeted in all the enemy countries.

The state of affairs in the country districts of Austria-Hungary is described by a neutral diplomatist as becoming worse, chiefly owing to the disastrous results of the corn harvest. This correspondent has seen a postcard from a convalescent soldier in one of the hospitals begging for money with which to buy bread, and saying that they were dying of hunger in the hospital.

The meals served out in the barracks, he said, consisted of coffee, with no bread, for breakfast; a sort of stew, with meat, chiefly gristle, for dinner; and coffee, again with no bread, for supper; but he added that every effort was made to feed the fighting troops well.

FOOD-GROWING HUSTLE.

Lord Devonport's Press Bureau—Grosvenor House Full.

Lord Devonport, the Food Controller, is establishing a Press Bureau of his own. This is the first Government Department to publicly declare that it is taking such a course, and it will be interesting to see if others follow the example.

The work of the Food Controller has overflowed the generous dimensions of Grosvenor House, and a temporary structure in the front courtyard is being erected for offices.

Hornsey Anxious to Start.—Pegging out plots of uncultivated land in Hornsey has commenced.

Bacon Dearer.—Irish, English and Danish bacon advanced 5s. per cwt. at Manchester yesterday.

President of the "Piggeries."—A comprehensive scheme for allotments and piggeries in the Rhondda Valley has been formulated, with Lord Rhondda as president.

NO STRIKES MINISTER.

In a letter to trade unionists throughout the country Mr. John Hodge, the Minister of Labour, says:—

"I appeal very earnestly, not only to the leaders of the workmen, but employers as well, to consult with me before a crisis in a strike is reached, and I feel confident this appeal will not be in vain."

Forty young members of the G Division of the London Police have volunteered for military service.

GERMANS CAPTURE THE GRAN TOWN OF FOKSHANI

Foe Claim They Pierced Two Strong Lines in Rapid Advance—3,900 Prisoners.

BRITISH DELUGE GERMANS WITH SHELLS.

Guns Busy on French Front—Allies' Reply to President Wilson Delayed—Bombs on Trieste.

The chief features of yesterday's news were:

WESTERN FRONT.—Three German attempts to reach British positions south-east of Souchez were repelled. Our guns have bombarded front and support trenches and back areas on the Ancre and at Neuve Chapelle.

RUMANIA.—The Germans report the capture of Fokshani, in Moldavia. It is ninety-two miles north-east of Bukarest, and did an active trade in grain. The population was about 24,000.

ALLIES' REPLY TO U.S.—The French Press, commenting on the German peace manoeuvres, warns the Allies that the Kaiser, while holding out the olive branch, is preparing for a more intense warfare. Owing to suggested alterations by some of the Allied Governments of the original draft, the Allies' reply to Mr. Wilson's Peace Note will probably not be dispatched for several days.

ITALIAN.—An Italian airman has flown over Trieste and dropped over 400lb. of explosives upon the station at Nabresina and in the region of Mont Querceto (Hermada).

BRITISH SHELLS SWEEP ENEMY POSITIONS.

Deluge of Explosives on Back Areas and Supports.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Monday.
8.35 P.M.—Early last night the enemy made three attempts to approach our positions south-east of Souchez.

On each occasion he was driven back by our fire before reaching our trenches. A number of German wounded were left in front of our lines.

Artillery has been active on both sides at a number of places along the line, both on front and support trenches and on back areas. In particular effective bombardments were carried out by us east of Lesbeufs, on both sides of the Ancre and east of Neuve Chapelle.

Ypres was heavily shelled by the enemy during the day.

Yesterday a number of enemy batteries were effectively engaged by our artillery in co-operation with our aeroplanes.

Many places of military importance behind the enemy's lines were successfully bombed and a number of fights took place in the air.

Two enemy machines were driven down in a damaged condition. Two of our machines are missing.

GUN DUEL IN THE WEST

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Night Communiqué.—On the right bank of the Meuse there was a fairly lively artillery duel in the region at the foot of the Cote de Meuse.

Our batteries carried out destruction fire against the German organisations in the Woivre and in the Bois des Chevaliers.

The day was comparatively quiet on the rest of the front.—Reuter.

Afternoon Communiqué.—During the night there were patrol encounters in the region of Bouchavesnes and in the Forest of Parroy.—Reuter.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Western Theatre of War.—Lively artillery duels developed temporarily on the Yser front, in the Ypres bend, and north of the Somme.

In the course of successful aerial engagements and by means of our anti-aircraft guns the enemy suffered the loss of six aeroplanes.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

AIR RAID ON AUSTRIAN NAVAL BASE.

Over 400 Pounds of Explosives Dropped on Trieste.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)
Our artillery has vigorously counter-attacked enemy batteries over the whole front. On the Trentino front there have been reconnoitring and aerial fights.

During the night of the 5th-8th an Italian aeroplane flew over Trieste and returned along the coast. Two hundred kilograms (over 400lb.) of explosives were dropped upon the station at Nabresina and in the region of Mont Querceto (Hermada).

The aeroplane safely returned to its base.

GREEK REFUSAL TO MOVE TROOPS TO PELOPONNESUS.

Appeal to Population to Support Blockade Hardships.

PIREUS, Saturday (received yesterday).—The Ministers met in Council to exchange views on the reply to the Note from the Allies.

The Athens *Emvros* has made public some indications regarding the Greek point of view.

Greece will refuse to accept the demands concerning the transfer of troops to Peloponnesus, the establishment of control and the setting at liberty of the Venizelists. On this latter point the Government appears to be unshakable.

Relative to reparation for the events of December 1, the Government will give the satisfaction demanded with slight modifications.

The Greek Press makes an appeal to the population, asking it to support the hardships of the blockade.—(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

TINO'S TALKS TO BERLIN.

MILAN, Monday.—Berlin and Athens are in constant communication by wireless, says the *Corriere della Sera*.

The reports concerning the Allied conference at Rome, as sent by wireless from Berlin, are, says the same paper, disturbing public opinion in Greece.—Exchange.

BULGARS CLAIM BRITISH REPULSE NEAR LAKE DOIRAN.

BULGARIAN OFFICIAL.

In Macedonia (north-east of Lake Doiran) two English battalions, supported by artillery, tried to advance against a Bulgarian guard post, but were repulsed.

On the entire front there was weak artillery action.—Central News.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Macedonian Front.—Between Ochrida and the Prespa Lake an assault by a strong enemy reconnaissance was unsuccessful.—Reuter.

SERBIAN OFFICIAL.

Yesterday (January 5) there was nothing important to record on the Serbian front.

German Aeroplane Destroyed.—PARIS, Monday.—A telegram from Salonika says that a German aeroplane has been brought down by a British airman in the Struma region.—Central News.

HUN PLOT AGAINST INDIA STARTED IN AMERICA.

LAHORE, Monday.—There were seventeen accused in the Lahore supplementary conspiracy case, of whom six were sentenced to death, five to transportation for life, and five have been acquitted.—Reuter.

In the course of a lengthy judgment it was stated that the evidence proved the complicity of German Consular agents in America.

"We are fully satisfied that the United States has become the chief centre of the Hindu movement."

"The overthrow of the British Empire in India was planned and discussed when the Europeans were broke out, and many Indians sailed for the United States. The enemy's plan was to bring about a war of murder and rapine."—Central News.

THE KING TO SERBIA.

The Crown Prince of Serbia, in a New Year message to the King said:—

"Thanks to the Allies' firm decision to pursue the fight till right and justice triumph, my people, my Army and myself have an unshakable confidence in the happy issue of this war, in which the arms of your Majesty are daily gaining fresh glory."

His Majesty replied:—

"I continue to follow with admiration the achievements of the gallant Serbian forces fighting side by side with my own troops and those of our noble Allies."

"I have no doubt that their brave efforts will secure the liberation of the sacred Serbian soil and contribute to a large degree to the attainment of that final victory without which the Allied Powers will not lay down their arms."

"RESOLVE TO ARRIVE AT A COMMON VICTORY."

All Difficulties Removed as Result of Rome Conference.

PARIS, Monday.—The Rome correspondent of the *Temps* telegraphs to-day that although no communication has been made to the Press as to the result of the deliberations of the conference, the general impression gathered from private talks with the chief personages who took part in it leaves no doubt that the result was very satisfactory and that the representatives of the Powers of the Entente separated in full accord and with full confidence.

M. Briand personally assured the correspondent that "we have eliminated by common agreement all the little difficulties of detail which might hinder our common work. I have found among our Italian colleagues the warmest sympathy and liveliest desire to arrive resolutely at a common victory."

An Italian Minister said the clear and decided spirit of Mr. Lloyd George and the initiative and constructive intelligence of M. Briand and his big-hearted sympathy simply carried him away.—Reuter.

VILLAGE AND TRENCHES WON BY RUSSIANS.

Foe Beaten Back After Three Gas Waves Failed.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

Western Front.—Our detachments have gained possession of a village in the vicinity of the north-western corner of the swamp Tirul.

After a stubborn struggle we captured the enemy's trenches north of the village Kalzenem.

In a battle south of Babit Lake, since the beginning of operations on January 5 we have captured sixteen cannon and about 800 prisoners.

After artillery preparation an enemy company twice attempted to take the offensive against our detachments east of Perepelnik, fifteen miles north of Zhovor, but each time the attack was checked by our fire.

During the night of January 7 the Germans made a gas attack on the same sector. They launched three gas waves.

After the last gas wave the enemy appeared in columns. They were promptly driven back.

"SLIGHT ENEMY GAIN."

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Front of Prince Leopold of Bavaria.—West of the Riga-Mitau road the Russians yesterday again attacked with strong forces.

On the Aa River the enemy succeeded in slightly extending the ground gained on January 5, whilst at all other points he was sanguinarily repulsed.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

£1 FOR 12 EGGS IN VIENNA.

ROME, Monday.—The *Stampa* (Turin) publishes a letter, stated to have been written by the Papal Nuncio in Vienna to his brother, in which the writer declares that life in Vienna is intolerable.

A dozen eggs cost £1 and food on a very modest scale for five servants represents an expenditure of about £4 a day.

The Nuncio, despite his seventy years, is reduced to sharing himself, bathers being scarce and very dear.—Central News.

TO REPRESENT AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE, Monday.—It is now certain that Mr. Hughes will not attend the Imperial Conference. Mr. Fisher will probably be asked to represent the Commonwealth.—Reuter.

BERLIN ON FURTHER "GREAT VICTORY."

How Two Rumanian Lines Were Taken by Storm.

FOKSHANI FORTS FALL.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless.)

Front of Archduke Joseph.—In spite of a snowstorm and severe cold, we once more pushed back the enemy between the Putna and the Oltuz Valleys.

Army Group of von Mackensen.—January 7 brought a further great victory to the 9th Army, especially the victorious German and Austro-Hungarian troops.

These troops drove Russians and Rumanians out of the strongly fortified mountain pass of Mgr. Odobeski, towards the Putna.

Further south the Milcova position, which was constructed for defence and had been which has been tenaciously defended, was taken by storm.

In the rapid pursuit which followed we gave the enemy no time to settle in his second line on the canal between Fokshani and Juresta.

This position was also pierced, and pressing forward the Fokshani-Bolotesti road was



The Germans have captured Fokshani.

crossed. Early this morning Fokshani was captured. From the fortifications taken 3,900 prisoners, three guns and several machine guns have been brought in.

Night Communiqué.—The defeated Russians near Fokshani are being pursued.

AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.

Yesterday at Fokshani the enemy was again defeated.

While the German regiments south and south-west of the town broke through the enemy's lines the troops of Lieutenant Field-Marshal Ludwig Goigings, in the region of Odobeski, stormed two enemy positions situated one behind the other.

At the same time the enemy was also repulsed in the mountain country of Mgr Odobeski.

The Russians have retreated along the entire front.—Reuter.

NEW RUSSIAN FORCES STOP THE RETREAT.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

Rumanian Front.—After strong artillery preparation the enemy assumed the offensive in Peteschi (north-west of Fokshani) and pressed back the Rumanians. Any further movement of the enemy was stopped by the arrival of our reinforcements.

The enemy in close formation took the offensive on the sectors of our position in the region of Pontecheski (north-west of Docsan).

On being met by our heavy fire they fell back, leaving a great number of killed and wounded.

ALLIES' REPLY TO U.S. PEACE NOTE.

The Pope's Answer: "Movement Inopportune."

The reply to President Wilson's peace Note (says Reuter) will not be dispatched for at least several days.

THE HAGUE, Monday.—It appears that the text of President Wilson's peace Note to the belligerents, which was communicated to the Dutch Foreign Minister by the American Minister here, was accompanied by no request for Holland's support.—Reuter.

ROME, Monday.—According to the *Messaggero* the Vatican will send practically the same answer to the German and American peace Notes on Wednesday, the Pope narrating his personal efforts and his own desire for peace, but declaring that the moment is inopportune for any particular movement towards peace.—Exchange.

Spurred to Greater Efforts.—AMSTERDAM, Monday.—The Austrian Emperor has issued an army order in which, referring to the refusal by the Entente of the peace proposal, he urges his troops to further exertions to settle with their enemies, concluding: "Forward with God."—Central News.

HAVE YOU A PIANO TO SELL

OWING to the present difficulties of manufacture, MURDOCH'S, the great Piano Merchants, are now prepared to purchase for cash a number of reliable Second-hand Grand or Upright Pianos. If you have a Piano to realise, at home or in Store, please send the full particulars on form below and MURDOCH'S will offer you the best price possible.

CUT HERE

Your Name.....

Address

Maker of Piano.....

Grand or Upright

Number..... Age.....

Length..... Height.....

Wood..... Compass.....

Condition

TO

MURDOCH, MURDOCH & CO.

461-463, OXFORD ST., W.,

Or to their chief Provincial Branches—

164-165, Western Road, Brighton.

155-157, Corporation Street, Birmingham.

7, Palmerston Road, Southsea.

124, Above Bar, Southampton.

THE PRICE OF PAIN.

Women should realise that it is not war-time economy to be ill. Pain has its price. The money saved by self-neglect has to be paid over and over again in permanent ill-health and loss of working-power. What use is it to save the cost of a little medicine now, and run the risk of ruining your constitution by not taking care of yourself while there is time?

A woman who allows herself to suffer, as most women are liable to suffer at intervals, is laying up a terrible future for herself in after years. The back-ache and pain in the side and hips which lay her for a day on the sofa, or make her life a misery as she heroically refuses to give up, are only the present signs. Every time she neglects these she is preparing for worse trouble and perhaps total invalidism later on. She is allowing her blood to grow poorer and poorer, until it will be too weak and thin to sustain her. The new, rich blood which Dr. Williams' pink pills will give her will ease her present pain and protect her future health. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people can be obtained of any dealer, but on your guard against substitutes.

A free book, "Plains Talks to Women" (send postcard to Hints Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London), will tell you much that every woman should know.—(Adv.)

HOW I DARKENED MY GREY HAIR.

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of bay rum. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the grey hair, but removes dandruff and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp.—(Adv.)

MISSING.



Pte. G. F. G. Richardson (Australia). Write to 14, Clifford-road, East Finchley, London, N.



Lieut. Cpl. Dummer (Sussex Regt.). Write to Mrs. Dummer, 42, Howell-lane, Hove, Sussex.



Pte. George Hodgson (Durham L.I.). Write to 29, Victoria-street, Cuckfield, Sussex.



Pte. Cutmore (Rifle Brigade). Write to Mrs. Cutmore, 28, Burnaby-road, Islington, London, N.



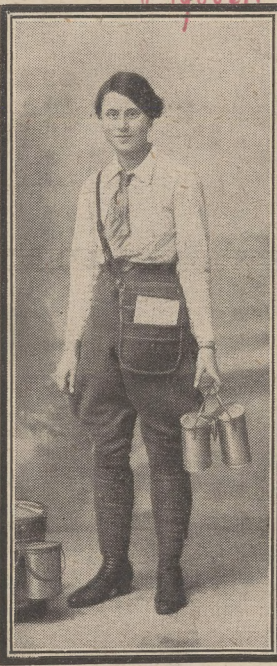
A.B. George H. Morris (Royal Naval Division). Write to 58, Albert-street, St. Paul's, Bristol.

REVUE ACTRESS.



Miss Winnie Melville, who is appearing in "See Saw."—(Vandyk.)

A SWINDON MILKMAID.



Miss Dolly Croton, who has been a "milkmaid" for twelve months.

VISCOUNTESS LAID UP.



Viscountess Ingestre, who is on the sick list. She has been forbidden to undertake any work.—(Lafayette.)

MISSING.



Sgt. C. F. Rouse (M.G.C.). Write to Miss M. E. Kemp, 8, Clarence-place, Pier, Dover.



Pte. T. Willis (Warwickshire Regt.). Write to 27, James-street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.



Thomas William Sizer (London Regt.). Write to 14, Folkestone-road, Waltham-stow, Essex.



Pte. William Taylor (Sussex Regt.). Write to Mrs. Taylor, 11, Marlborough-road, Chichester.



Pte. R. Burns (London Regt.). Write to Mrs. Burns, 52, Beech-street, Donegal Pass, Belfast.

Swift. Magic Healing

is the best description of the effect of Zam-Buk on a wound. You simply wash the place, smear on a little of this wonderful herbal balm, and cover up.

Result: the pain stops, infection is prevented, and the edges of the place or sore are knitted together by the swift growth of new skin.

Zam-Buk

is so successful and so economical because it is all medicine, and, unlike ordinary ointments, is not nine-tenths animal fat and only one-tenth medicine.

Zam-Buk acts in a remarkable way because of its unique herbal composition. It is absolutely unequalled for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Cold Sores, Winter Eczema, Ulcers, Scalp Sores, Poisoned Wounds, &c. Every home needs Zam-Buk.

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Cut out this Coupon and send it, together with name, address, and a penny stamp (for return postage) to THE ZAM-BUK LABORATORIES, LEEDS, for a free sample box. It will pay you to accept this offer.

"Daily Mirror," 9/1/17.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1917.

FALSE PEARLS OR WAR LOAN?

A CORRESPONDENT gives us to-day a typical incident noted in a town where people go for excursions. . . .

But who last summer (you may interrupt) had time or taste for excursions?

Be deceived. They thronged wherever communications would permit of them. And if trains and the usual chais-à-bancs did not permit, then the newly enriched and the momentarily prosperous took private cars and drove about; and, on arriving, lunched at the best hotel—in time to order wine; and went souvenir-hunting and shopping afterwards; and returned, quite contented at having spent about £10 on the "little outing."

We all know and see that extravagance of this or another sort has been going on everywhere. That is why so many of our people have no money for the new war loan.

"Peace may be upon us any moment!" *Punch's* recorded warning of one munition worker to another! "Spend your money—for to-morrow we save." Always to-morrow. . . .

But the point is that we must save this week. This week the humblest of workers and wage-earners must at last wake up and realise that to-morrow demands provision. You, the worker, the wage-earner, must save while you can. It is simply a choice for you now or never—a choice, let us say, between false pearls, or an investment bringing in permanent reward for your war toil.

What will be the good, when the war is over—as our correspondent suggests to-day—of that very string of pearls, or of that paste brooch that nobody will buy of you and nobody wants?

Is a new piano all you will have left to show for that toil, that over-work? "Your bit," as they say—the "bit" you made out of it—a gramophone, a hat with a tottering feather, a fur coat made of dead cats; and so on.

We shrink from sermonising on the fable of grasshopper and ant; but undoubtedly some of your more prudent neighbours will have a perfect right to say to you, after the war, when you envy them *their* position and perhaps want to borrow money of them: "Money? But you've been making £6 a week, each of you, for three years."

"Yes, but we've spent it."

"On what?"

"Drink, food, showy clothes, cinemas, music-halls, jewellery, and bad taste all round."

"In fact, in the grasshopper's singing. Well then, *dance* now! Winter is with us."

The ant's mean way of saying: "I told you so."

But the laborious insect is right. Or, in terms not fabulous and zoological, war loan on easy terms and under perfect conditions of safety, with good interest, will be better than false pearls, to help you to bear the burden of future years, when taxes will be appalling, prices very likely high and many of the men on whom you've been used to lean, dead, wounded, or invalid, and so unable to help you any more.

Think of it before it is too late! W. M.

LIVING AND DEAD.

I saw askant the armies;
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierc'd
with missiles, I saw the
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and
torn and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs (and
all in silence),
And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them.
I saw the debris and debris of all the slain soldiers
of the war.
But I saw they were not as was thought,
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffer'd
not.
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the other
suffer'd.
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade
suffer'd.
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.
WALTER WHITMAN.

A CHANCE TO REFORM PUBLIC HOUSES.

WHY IMPROVEMENT IS BETTER THAN PROHIBITION.

From a Correspondent.

WAR Loan week has revived amongst thinking people the old discussion about drink. What can be done to stop over-indulgence and extravagance here?

What if all the money spent in drink went into the War Loan?

In some trades, as abundant evidence has shown, it is a question of life and death. There must be less drink if there is to be efficiency.

And immediately there begins the usual talk about absolute prohibition.

I do not for an instant believe that labour is so grossly selfish as to revolt if a sound case for prohibition can be drawn up. Labour has borne its share of the burden

The only point is: "Who, out of all the publicans and working men consulted, will admit that there is a case for prohibition?"

Nobody!

A working man told me the other day that there was not too much drinking—there never had been. A publican assures me he never sees a man the worse for drink.

Beautiful innocence!

Yet both publican and working man are glad to admit a case for reform.

FROM "PUB" TO CAFE.

And now, if ever, is the time for that. Now is the chance to turn the most sordid drinking-places in Europe—as some of our public-houses are—into places more like cafés and clubs. People's minds are ready for the change—for the revolution.

The public-houses of England are not beautiful places. Only too often they are merely drinking-dens, into which people crowd like famished animals. Is it possible to feel as much at home here as in a cheery

WAR LOAN WEEK.

INVEST ALL YOUR SPARE MONEY FOR HARD TIMES TO COME.

LASTING PROSPERITY.

THE war has had the effect in many cases of reversing the position of rich and poor. A great many of the poor people one knew before the war are now extremely well to do.

I happened to be spending two days at a well-known watering-place in August.

Nearly every table in the hotel was occupied by a large family.

They used to travel from place to place in luxurious motors, quite regardless of expense, and buy jewellery and various other luxuries that happened to please their passing fancy. They took wine at every meal.

May I ask what the use of all these little luxuries will be to them after the war? When they feel all the need and want they felt in the old days, it will be of no avail to them to

produce paste tiaras or broken gramophones. Could not something be done to persuade them to put their money in the new War Loan? Then, after the war, some of their prosperity will remain.

TRAVELLER.
Leamington.

FOR EVERYBODY.

TOO many workers regard the War Loan as a matter for the rich. They think it is no good unless one invests thousands of pounds. "Such things are not for the likes of me," said a woman. I know, as though she were talking of diamonds.

Yet this very woman had just purchased a fur coat. She is the wife of a munition worker.

W. B. Putney.

"NOTHING COMPULSORY."

THE one thing in the world which, to my mind, is the most disastrous to a boy's intellect is waste of time.

Therefore, if the education of the rising generation is to be improved, the first thing to be rooted out therefrom is waste of time. The worst form of time wasting would seem to be in doing that in which one takes no interest, and learning that which one intends at the first possible opportunity to unlearn.

Therefore, nothing should be compulsory.

Cromwell-road. P. R.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 8.—The subretias are some of the prettiest plants we can grow in the flower garden. They are useful for many positions—for massing on the rockery, for carpeting spring beds, for setting at the edge of a border.

The old-fashioned lavender aubretia is well known. There are now, however, many splendid new varieties bearing crimson, violet-purple, rose and blush flowers; these, planted in good soil, will quickly form carpets of rich colour.

E. F. T.

LEND YOUR MONEY FOR VICTORY!



— AND HE WILL DO THE REST



Look out for the War Loan on Thursday. Even the humblest can help to win the war by investing in it.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

of the war—both in the fighting line and in the factories—and no personal considerations will prevent the working man from making any justifiable sacrifices that may be demanded.

The power of "the trade" has been advanced as another reason for not introducing any extreme measures.

This is pure nonsense.

I do not hold a brief for "the trade," but I am certain that the licensed victuallers and the publicans will accept whatever compensatory legislation is introduced for the national good. They have not grumbled inordinately—not more than other men will have grumbled under similar circumstances—about the restrictions which have been imposed already; and they will not grumble about whatever further measures may be adopted.

Or, if they grumble, they will accept them.

Continental café? Why, when reforms are being considered should not some really far-reaching remedy for the existing evils of the drink trade be introduced? Why should there be such dreary places as many of the public-houses in existence? They are, of all the British institutions, the places which impress the foreigner most unfavourably; and only the foreigner—or the returning native, after a long absence—can see them in their true hideousness.

British travellers abroad appreciate the cafés; and I am sure that the establishment of similar places at home would be welcomed. It is only necessary to define by law the kind of places which will be tolerated and they will be accepted—and very much appreciated.

The café, on the Continent, is a sort of club—a place in which friends meet, and where whole families can spend a pleasant, sociable evening for a very small outlay. The British

working man and the middle-class man of small means have nothing comparable to the café for comfort. Really, they have nowhere to sit and talk to their friends, unless they are prepared to eat or to drink excessively. If there were cafés in existence poor men would not have any reason to grudge the rich man the luxurious isolation of his club.

Reform the public-house first! Then it may not become necessary to abolish it.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Of all days the one that is most wasted is that on which one has not laughed.—Chamfort.

Volume X. of "Daily Mirror Reflections" can now be obtained at all bookstalls. It contains more than a hundred of the best cartoons published on this page during the past year, and costs only 6d. net.

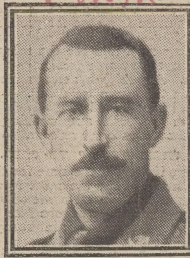
THREE MEN IN WAR NEWS.



Lieutenant F. Hewitt-Warr, R.F.A., awarded the Military Cross.



Robert John Allen, who is now driving a French ambulance. He was discharged from the Guards after wounds.



Lieut.-Col. C. Wilmot Mainprice, R.A.M.C., awarded the D.S.O.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT AT THE FRONT.



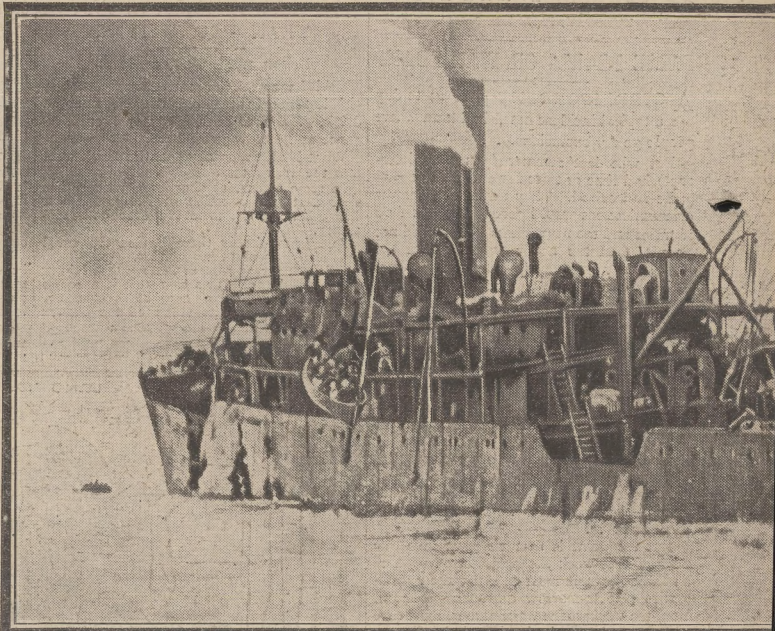
Will there be any left? The man who has not got the jar is looking on anxiously as the contents vanish.—(Official photograph.)

A VILLAGE STREET IN FRANCE.



Drawing water in a captured village in the western front. The well is situated in the main street, of which the big guns have removed practically every trace.—(Official photograph.)

LOWERING THE LIFEBOATS FROM



The City of Birmingham, after being torpedoed without warning in the Mediterranean. "The boat sank in forty minutes. It was a grand but awful sight to see the bows in a perpendicular position 'take a terrific plunge and disappear.' All this time we could see the periscope of the submarine 'nosing' round

AVENGED HIS BROTHER.



J. H. Allcoat.



N. W. Allcoat.

After Private J. H. Allcoat had been killed by a sniper his brother, Private N. W. Allcoat, waited his opportunity and succeeded in accounting for the Boche. The two men, who were inseparable, joined the Leicestershire Regiment together.

A CAMPAIGN WHICH



Artillery crossing the veldt. Oxe

WOMAN WORKER AT A GARAGE.



A woman garage attendant replenishing the petrol tank of a motor-cycle, on which these wounded soldiers are going to enjoy a spin in the country.



Cavalry

The conquest of East Africa is not yet complete, and the subjugation of Germany

A TORPEDOED ELLERMAN LINER.

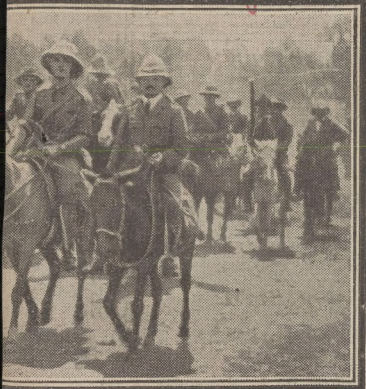


at a terrific pace. As soon as the boat sank she made off," writes one of the passengers. Two hundred persons were imperilled, but everyone remained perfectly calm throughout, and only four lives, those of the doctor, the barman and two lascars, were lost.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

ILL SOON BE COVER.



to be used for transport purposes



he march.
ccesses have recently been achieved by the British, colony cannot long be delayed.

OFFICER AND CLERGYMAN.

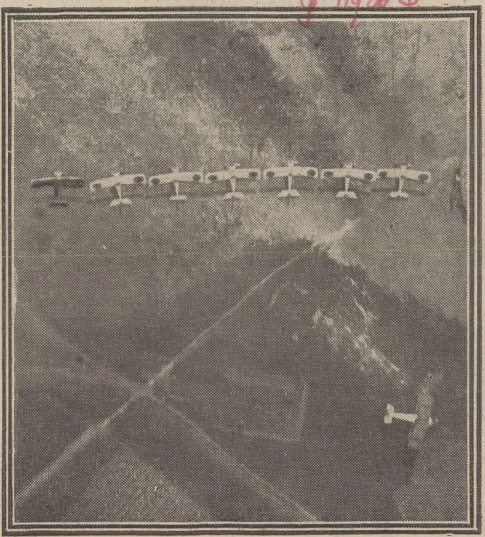


Major B. Z. de Ferranti, son of Dr. S. Z. de Ferranti, of Baslow Hall, Derbyshire, awarded the Military Cross.



Rev. J. E. S. Harrison, home from the Somme suffering from shell shock. He has written a special hymn for boy scouts.

AEROPLANES READY TO START.



A Belgian squadron photographed from above. There has been considerable activity recently on the front held by our Allies.

PORTRAITS OF INTEREST.



Lieutenant H. Phelps Gardham, mentioned by Sir Douglas Haig.



Miss Phyllis Smith, one of the principals in the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, engaged to Mr. Howard Hanrott.



Mr. W. H. Veno, of Manchester, new freeman of City of London.

"THE POILU'S LAWYER" IS A MOTHER.



Mme. Suzanne Grinberg, who is retained by many French soldiers to plead their cases before the Council of War. She is a brilliant pleader, and is known as "the poilu's lawyer." The photograph shows her with her little daughter.

FRENCH GENERAL DECORATED.



Tying the cross of the Legion of Honour round General Lize's neck. The brave General was decorated near the battlefield in the presence of a great concourse of troops.—(French War Office.)

PA TRICIA WYNGATE

By META
SIMMONS.



Patricia Wyngate and Lyn Warrinder.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

PATRICIA WYNGATE, a charming and good-looking girl with plenty of character.

LYN WARRINDER, who loves Patricia.

PETER MELHUISE, a wealthy crank, who marries Patricia Wyngate.

MRS. JACK BAYLIS, Melhuise's cousin, who loves Warrinder and is jealous of Pat.

AUDREY WYNGATE is the lovely sister of Patricia.

DR. HEDDON, who attempts to blackmail Warrinder.

DORIS HEDDON, his daughter, said to be Warrinder's wife.

TONY BARRINGTON, who knows Warrinder and Pat.

PATRICIA WYNGATE, who is working hard to support herself and her younger sister, Audrey.

Immediately after the wedding Melhuise dies. Pat is obliged by the terms of Melhuise's will to spend some time with his cousin, Victoria Baylis.

At Wych Manor she meets Lyn Warrinder, who is in love with her; and they become engaged.

Victoria Baylis, who is fond of Warrinder, tries to part them. Having failed, she pretends to be her friend.

An attempt to blackmail Warrinder is made by Dr. Heddon. He says that Warrinder is made by law. Heddon dies, but Warrinder finds out that the matter, and before he goes he asks Victoria Baylis to explain the situation to Pat. She does so in her own way.

Pat is very much wounded, and writes breaking off the engagement.

Warrinder finds Doris Heddon, who is already married and famous. He then receives Pat's letter and is made very miserable.

Warrinder goes to see her, who has run away from school, and goes to Elise Verreker, who is a successful artist, is giving him the Bohemian party, and Audrey hears that a man named Tony Barrington is studying to be a painter.

Tony takes a great fancy to Audrey. He sees a sketch of Pat which Audrey has made, and questions her about it.

Tony meets Warrinder in the street, and learns of his quarrel with Pat. He writes to her, telling her of Audrey's present studies.

She sets out at once for Paris, and in the lounge of her hotel she sees Lyn Warrinder.

He upgrades Pat cruelly, and they part.

Tony goes in search of Warrinder. But Lyn has already left the hotel.

Tony tells Pat that he loves Audrey and wants to marry her.

Lyn Warrinder returns home. He meets Victoria Baylis, and from her a full confession of the lies she has told Patricia.

Tony and Audrey become engaged, and Tony arranges for their return, with Pat, to his mother's house.

AN AMBIGUOUS LETTER.

TONY BARRINGTON had not boasted idly when he had spoken to Pat with such confidence regarding his mother. Mrs. Barrington was a charming old lady. She was small and dainty, and delightfully and authentically old—rather a rare thing in these days.

Before her on the little escritoire were spread the scrawled pages of Tony's letter—the letter he had written in Pat's sitting-room in Paris, announcing the fact of his engagement and asking his mother's hospitality for his fiancée and her sister.

"The dear boy—how delightful," she murmured to herself. It was the dearest wish of her life that she should see her only child married before she died. "I am sure she is the sweetest girl in the world. But what a dreadful hand he writes. It is almost impossible to read it!"

She searched about for her glasses, and, failing to find them, looked about for her companion, who was arranging flowers in the ante-room.

"Alice—Alice—my dear! I have wonderful new spectacles," she said. "But what are my glasses? I cannot read this writing of his. Ah, me—but the art of letter writing is dead and gone! And I made such a point of his writing when he was at school!"

The amber-stain curtains parted and Alice Leith came into the room, a serene-eyed, pleasant-looking girl of about twenty-five.

"Your glasses—about you have them on, dear," she said with a smile. "Shall I read the letter for you?"

"You may read it, of course. But I have already read it," said Mrs. Barrington with a little touch of outraged vanity. "Of course how stupid of me, can't I think how I forgot my glasses. You see, he is going to marry a girl he met in Paris. Such a funny name, too—like a man's. Pat! Short for Patricia, I suppose. Lovers' delight in these tender diminutives."

She looked up, smiling tenderly at the girl who bent over her.

"Isn't it strange—to think of one's baby—grown up and about to take a wife of his own. Time takes such a different value when one grows old, Alice. It seems to me only yesterday that Tony was a little boy, saying good-bye to me in this very room the morning he went to school. He hated to go—and he was such a bric! She is sure to be a nice girl, Alice. Worthy of him!"

"I am sure Mr. Tony would choose no one who was unworthy of you, dear Mrs. Barrington," the girl said, kissing her fondly.

"Tony is fond of his old mother, bless him! I do hope she will like me, too. I was so afraid of my own mother-in-law. She was such a wonderful woman—the most amazing manager. I wouldn't like Pat—to be frightened of me."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"I am sure she will be—absolutely terrified—the moment she sets eyes on you," laughed Alice Leith. "You are a terrifying person. What is her other name, Mrs. Barrington?"

"Well—that's what I can't quite make out," the little lady said, taking up the letter again. "He speaks of 'Audrey and Mrs. Melhuise.' Perhaps you had better read the letter through for me again, dear."

She handed it to her companion and sat back in her chair, folding her little blue-veined hands together. Such charming little hands, that since her widowhood had borne only two rings—her wedding and the old-fashioned hoop of diamonds that had been her engagement token.

"Mother mine, I am going to be married one of these days, to the dearest girl in the world. I am bringing her home to you in a few days. She has no mother—you have got to be that to her, too, and I know what that means. You will love them both, I do. There's really not a pin to choose between them. What a pity."

"But you will be—just yourself—to them both, won't you? Audrey and Pat, those are their names. But specially I want you to love Mrs. Melhuise. She is Pat."

"All right, when we shall arrive—Tony."

That was the letter Tony Barrington had written as he laughed and talked and floated out on the fairy sea of happiness. Not a very coherent letter, certainly. No wonder it was misleading.

"Then—she is a widow?" said Mrs. Barrington, with just a shade of disappointment in her silvery voice. She looked up at Alice Leith as though she half hoped to be contradicted.

"Certainly," said Alice Leith.

For a moment the two women avoided looking at each other. It was a disappointment, there was no denying it. Mrs. Barrington secretly disapproved of second marriages. She was a little of the old-fashioned women who love once and for ever—no shadow had ever dimmed the brightness of her loved one's memory. He had been her lover, her husband and the father of her only son—would not have been possible for her to take his place.

"She is young, of course," she said, very slowly. "And—evidently she has no child. And—Tony loves her. After all that is the one thing that matters!"

In her heart, she would have wished it otherwise, would rather that her son had plucked a bud from the tree of life, a tender flower that would have opened under the sunshine of his life.

"I want everything to be as charming and homelike as possible, Alice," she said. "They must have a suite of rooms for themselves. The blue bedroom will make an ideal sitting-room, with the trees just peeping into the windows."

The birds meeting there and whispering just like lovers. Once I even saw a blackbird—think of it! a blackbird in the heart of London. I know I can rely on you absolutely, Alice. You are such a splendid manager."

"But not terrifying—like your mother-in-law," said the girl with a smile.

"It's all so wonderful, Alice. I hope we shall be able to get just the right things without any fuss. I shouldn't be bit surprised if Tony arrived to-night. He's such an amazing boy!"

"I think that's beyond the bounds of possibility," the girl assured her.

As they went down the flagged path to the gate a man passed on the pavement, raised his hat at the sight of Mrs. Barrington.

"Why, it's Mr. Warrinder," cried the old lady, in a delighted voice. "What a stranger you are! I thought you had quite deserted me. Tony isn't back yet, my dear man; but I expect him home almost immediately."

She put out her little hand and laid it on Warrinder's arm.

"And my dear man—such amazing news! You're the first person in London to hear a whisper of it. Tony is going to be married! Think of it—Tony!"

That is news, said Warrinder. He forced himself to smile, but it was as though the frail hand laid on his arm had been a hand of ice set upon his heart, stilling it.

"Yes, you may say so. But, whatever Tony does, he'll do in a hurry. He has always been that way. He was here a half-hour. I am so pleased. Her name is Melhuise. Some one I never even heard of—but she is sure to be a dear if Tony wants to marry her. Don't you think so?"

"I am sure of it," said Warrinder.

But, though he could control his voice, it was not possible for him wholly to control his face, and Mrs. Barrington was quick to see the change in his face, though she did not at the moment associate it with the news she had just given him.

"You are looking quite fagged," she said, and there was a trace of Tony in her voice that made Warrinder almost hate her. "You want a holiday; you want, don't be vexed with an old woman—but don't you want to follow Tony's example, and marry a nice girl? The world is full of them!"

"It is certainly very full of women," Warrinder remarked bitterly. "But you must not stand here in this bitter wind. Give my congratulations to your son, Mrs. Barrington."

He raised his hat and walked away abruptly, so abruptly that Mrs. Barrington remarked upon the fact as he got into the carriage beside Alice Leith.

Lyn Warrinder hadn't improved since he came in for his cousin's money. He used to be the dearest fellow—

So she dismissed Warrinder from her mind; Warrinder who was striding up Knightsbridge oblivious of his surroundings as though he were striding along some empty country road. Warrinder, in whose heart a woman's words hissed and seethed like a brood of venomous

snakes: "You'll find Tony Barrington has been there before you."

LOVE CONQUERS PRIDE.

TONY BARRINGTON did not compass the impossible. He did not arrive at the house in Knightsbridge the night of the day on which his mother had received the letter telling of his engagement, but he did arrive as soon as the exigencies of a Channel passage permitted him to do so.

And he arrived to a house that had been swept and garnished and prepared with all the care that loving hearts could compass and clever hands achieve.

Mrs. Barrington, a trembling little figure, inconceivably dainty in silk and lace, came out into the hall to welcome her son and her guests.

"My dears, you are both perfectly charming," she said, as she kissed them. "I welcome you home with all my heart. And which is Pat?"

"This is Pat," said Tony Barrington. "But for once she must take a back place. This is not my first show, mother. It is Audrey who comes first." He put his arm through the girl's arm and drew her towards his mother. "She appears to be shy, but shyness is not her salient characteristic, let me tell you. Still—she's a poor thing, but mine own."

And he put her arms about the radiant little figure.

"Oh, Tony's mother," she said, "do like me—I want you to so much—for Tony's sake."

There was much delighted laughter that evening over Mrs. Barrington's mistake—laughter in which none joined so wholeheartedly as the little lady herself. It had been such an absurd mistake, she saw that so clearly now, and the awakening had been so delightful! Patricia Melhuise was a dear, stupid woman, my dear!

Audrey had made a conquest from the first touch of those clinging arms, that childish, broken sentence! It had been quite impossible to think of Tony content to take the second best place in any woman's heart. That was how his mother felt now.

She said as much to Alice Leith as they sat together alone for a few moments before dinner.

"We are both a dear, stupid woman, my dear! Of course, Tony would never have even dreamed of marrying a widow; but he didn't want the poor thing to feel out of it. How like Tony that is! I ought to have read between the lines—in a way I did."

And Alice Leith, like a wise young woman, said not a word.

For Pat this homecoming was somewhat of an ordeal.

CARPET BARGAINS.

Ardebil Wilton Carpets.

The name "Ardebil" represents one of the most beautiful carpets in the world and it is for this reason that we call this specially fine grade of Wilton Carpet the "Ardebil." All these carpets are faithful reproductions of beautiful originals. These were manufactured previous to the war, with the very finest materials and dyes.

ft. in.	ft. in.	Usual price.	Sale Price
6 by 4	0.23	10 0	6 0
9 0	0 0	20 0	15 0
10 0	0 0	23 12 6	18 0
13 0	0 0	30 0	23 0
15 0	11 3	215 0	155 0

Wilton Pile Carpets.

An exceptional opportunity to purchase super quality 5-frame Wilton Pile Carpet.

Usual price 9/6 per yard.

Sale price 6/9 per yard.

These are patterns which we cannot repeat, and are being sold at a great deal less than to-day's market prices.

Waring Pile Carpets.

The "Waring" Pile Carpet is manufactured on the same principle as the Wilton Pile, but it is woven with a thicker class of yarn on the surface. We have ourselves given these Carpets very severe tests on our own premises. They have been extensively used for Hotel work, where there is a great deal of traffic, and what is economical for hotel service is economical also in the home.

ft. in.	ft. in.	Usual price.	Sale Price
7 6 by 6	0.27	12 10 6	8 0
9 0	0 0	25 3 0	14 10 0
9 0	0 0	25 18 6	16 10 0
10 6	0 0	27 18 6	17 10 0
12 0	0 0	29 3 0	18 1 6
13 0	0 0	30 12 6	19 1 6
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Inlaid Linoleums.

First quality inlaid tile Linoleums, well seasoned goods.

Usual price 5/1 per sq. yd.
Sale Price 3/3 per sq. yd.

IN THE WINTER SALE NOW PROCEEDING

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WARING & GILLOW LTD

Furnishers & Decorators

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164-180, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL. DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.



The Duchess of Westminster is contemplating a theatrical tour on behalf of her hospital at Le Touquet.

Preparing for the Great Loan.

I WAS in the City yesterday. There I heard nothing but talk about the new War Loan. Everybody, from bank chairmen to office boys, was busy preparing for the loan or speculating about the "good things" that the prospectus would disclose.

Keeping the Secret.

It is wonderful how well kept are the secrets of the prospectus. Even the most boastful of City rumour-mongers declined to guess about the details of the prospectus. They were unanimous, however, in admitting that it was going to be "the best loan the Government ever had offered to the public."

The Women Will Help.

"One financier said to me: 'The new loan ought specially to appeal not only to the woman of independent means, but to every woman whose salary or wages leaves her with an investable balance, no matter how small. The *Daily Mirror* should tell all its women readers that the new prospectus will make most fascinating and profitable reading for them.' So I pass along his advice to my women readers, and the admonition not to neglect to read the document in *The Daily Mirror*."

What Ulster Think.

Ulster Unionists are going to hold a meeting soon to make their position clear in regard to Home Rule, and I should not be surprised if Sir Edward Carson speaks at it. The Ulstermen feel that their views have been misrepresented in some quarters, and they are strongly opposed to the idea of settling the position of Ireland by a Dominion Conference.

Irish Longevity.

Ireland is still remarkable for the longevity of some of its countryfolk. On one day last week the deaths of two centenarians were announced. Bridget Dunne, aged 106, and James McGarry, 105. In a Dublin work-house, I am told, there is a woman aged 106.

Back from the Balkans.

Miss Henderson, who belongs to a unit of the Scottish Women's Hospital, and has done fine work in Serbia and Rumania, is now on a brief visit to town. She tells me she is going to use some of Miss Yvonne FitzRoy's photographs taken in the Balkans as slides to illustrate her lectures. Miss FitzRoy is the pretty daughter of Sir Almeric FitzRoy, and a favourite at Court. She has been nursing since the beginning of the war.

General Sir Sam Hughes.

I was pleased to read the Ottawa dispatch reporting the complete exoneration of General Sir Sam Hughes from charges connecting him with an alleged munitions scandal. A Canadian friend of the General said to me yesterday: "Nobody who knows Sam Hughes believed the charges. His integrity is as unquestionable as the loyalty of his friendships."

Four Beauties of the Sixties.

Lord and Lady Coventry have been having a quiet party at Croome Court. It is interesting to recall, by the way, that Lady Coventry was one of the four celebrated Craven sisters of the sixties who were famous for their beauty.



Lord Coventry.

The other three were Bettine Lady Wilton, Lady Emily van de Weyer, and the late Lady Cadogan.

"The Old School."

Lord Coventry is the oldest member of the Jockey Club, having been elected as far back as 1860. He is a sportsman of the old school, and is never seen without a silk hat at race meetings. He has been twice Master of the Buckhounds, and not only established the Croome Hounds, but has been an ardent follower for many years.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Ireland's New Lord Chief.

The picturesque ceremony of swearing in Sir James H. Campbell as Lord Chief Justice of Ireland will, I learn, take place in Dublin next week, when the Law Courts reopen. Sir James has not yet received the formal letter of appointment. As soon as he does the Dublin University parliamentary seat will be declared vacant and a writ will be issued for the election of a new member.

No Holiday for Five Years.

Miss Winifred Barnes, who makes her first appearance in comedy soon with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, tells me that the autumn months spent at her cottage in Sussex are the happiest she has ever known. For five years she has not had a real holiday. During the autumn she has sewn, gardened and taken twelve-mile tramps.

The Singer of the Moment.

The young Rumanian singer, Constantin Stroescu, is having a tremendous vogue just now, and makes a picturesque figure at parties with his unstarched collars and wide stock ties. At Mr. de Lara's concert at Claridge's Mr. George Moore, the great Irish writer, applauded him.

A Pioneer.

Lady Joan Legge, the daughter of Lord Dartmouth, is a pioneer. Long before we were told to keep rabbits she had thought of this way of augmenting the food supply, and showed some of her Flemish giants at a sale where their size and plumpness won the commendation of housewives. Lady Joan told me that keeping rabbits is not difficult.

Ordained at Sixty-Five.

I notice that the Rev. A. H. Gilkes—affectionately remembered by many hundreds of past and present Alleynians as "the Old Man"—has been appointed to the vicarage of St. Mary Magdalene in Oxford. A little over a year ago Mr. Gilkes entered the ministry of the Church of England at the age of sixty-five, and he has been working since then as curate in the poor parish of St. James, Bermondsey.



Rev. A. H. Gilkes.

A Great Teacher.

Mr. Gilkes was one of the most systematic and efficient headmasters of our time. He succeeded Dr. Weldon as head of Dulwich College, and left an indelible impression upon the school. It is interesting to remember that, many years ago, he was a fellow schoolboy with Mr. Asquith at the Moravian School at Fulneck, in Yorkshire. He has one pet aversion, by the way—lawn tennis. In other words, he cannot stand the racquet.

German Money for War Loan.

A numismatist tells me that he has sold his valuable collection of old German coins, and that he intends investing the proceeds in the new War Loan.

The Duke Learns to Skate.

The Duke of Devonshire has already settled down to his new duties in Canada as Governor-General. I hear from a Canadian correspondent that the Duke and his daughters have arranged to take skating lessons at Ottawa. Their instructress will be a Swedish professional lady.

An Engagement.

Mrs. Wilfrid Sheridan, whose engagement to Lord Wilton is announced, is a niece of Lady Randolph Churchill and a cousin of Mr. Winston Churchill. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morton Frewen. The bridegroom has not yet reached his majority. He is the sixth Earl of his line.

A Boy Dress Designer.

Miss Marie Blanche, the much-bewildered Mrs. Thorne in "High Jinks," has chosen some attractive new dresses for her new song, "Coaxing." A welcome breath of spring is wafted across the footlights in the first gown of a Parma violet shade, while an evening gown with a scarf floating over the arms has been specially designed by a youth of whom more may soon be heard.

"Julius" Again.

Here is an advertisement from the "agony" column of a morning newspaper: "The Commissioners of Inland Revenue acknowledge the receipt of £965 10s. on account of income tax from 'Julius.' Those articles of 'Julius' must be worth their weight in gold."

A Lic. George Film.

To-day there is to be a private exhibition of a very interesting film. It is called "The Romance of David Lloyd George," and shows



Miss Christine Silver, who is now appearing in "Dorothy," at the Apollo Theatre.

in pictures the Premier's career, including his first visit to the House. For the purposes of the film sittings from the Premier were obtained by Mr. Ernest Mills.

"Italy's Day."

I have just heard that, although the total receipts have not yet been arrived at, the sum subscribed on "Italy's Day" in London for the Italian Red Cross and other Italian funds is estimated to be over £8,000. It is gratifying to think that London is not unmindful of the services of our gallant Ally.

"Sign, Please!"

"Tommy's" latest fad is autograph-collecting. The other afternoon a wounded Anzac showed me with pride a large handkerchief covered with signatures. They were mostly the names of the men of his battalion, many of whom had been killed; but here and there were names well known in society and the theatrical world.

"Clocking."

A friend who is working in a munition factory tells me that it is not customary to ask after your fellow-worker's health. You merely say, "What time did you clock on?" If she "clocked" early, the tired feeling comes sooner. Every girl who arrives at the factory is "clocked," the time of arrival being mechanically registered.

More Souvenirs.

I saw a pretty girl in Bond-street yesterday dressed in the latest fashion. She was wearing an exceptionally becoming hat, the pins of which were delicately made replicas of the gold bars worn by our wounded heroes.

A Saluting Problem.

Is an officer in mufti entitled to a salute? The question occurred to me yesterday when, walking down Piccadilly, I saw a well-known military officer, in civilian clothes, exchanging salutes with an officer of lesser rank.

First Know Your Man.

The King's regulations, I find, entitle all commissioned officers to be saluted, whether in uniform or not, providing they are known to be officers. In other words, if you know your man you salute. If you don't know him—well, of course, you don't salute.

Found Everywhere.

You find *The Daily Mirror* everywhere. Yesterday I was talking to an airman in training and he told me that the other day, when he was 5,000 feet up, he noticed a scrap of paper whirling about in the wind. On closer inspection it proved to be a fragment of *The Daily Mirror*!

"Tommy's" Mascot.

It is always interesting to watch the "leave train" come in. I saw a distinctly muddy but very happy-looking "Tommy" who, besides his pack and rifle and sundry shell cases, carried the usual German helmet from which, with quite a "King of the Castle" air, peeped a small black kitten—his mascot.

Trench Ads.

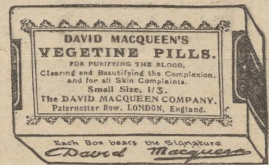
I hear that an enterprising firm of waterproof outfitters has been endeavouring to negotiate for advertising space on the sides of the trenches in Picardy!

An Echo.

A soldier back from the front tells me that the latest catch phrase in his battalion is "Does your mother know you're out?" No wonder people say that the war has thrown civilisation back many years!

THE RAMBLER.

ANOTHER 100,000 FREE SAMPLE SETS OF



VEGETINE PILLS and SOAP

If you suffer from any kind of Skin and Complexion Troubles write To-day for a Free Sample of the remedy that will make you

SKIN TROUBLES GO AWAY.

Every kind of SKIN COMPLAINT can be cured. Every spot and blemish can be removed from the Complexion, you suffer from any trouble of this kind, write now for a

FREE SAMPLE OF VEGETINE PILLS and SOAP.

Write at once, enclosing only two penny stamps for postage, to THE DAVID MACQUEEN COMPANY, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON, E.C.

In return, we will send you a sample package containing a box of VEGETINE PILLS and a tablet of VEGETINE Superior TOILET SOAP. We will do this because we have proved that VEGETINE PILLS are the only cure for a blotchy or pimply skin. They are absolutely safe to take, and do not contain poison or any harmful drugs.

HOW VEGETINE PILLS ACT.

The effect of Vegetine Pills is to draw all impurities away from the skin surface and discharge them from the system. They are a blood cleanser of extraordinary potency, and when used face blemishes, such as Pimples, Blisters, Greasy Skin, Eczema, Spots, Acne, Sallowness, Pasty Complexion, Blackheads, at once disappear.

BE CAREFUL ABOUT SOAP.

To reap the full benefit of the Vegetine Beauty treatment you must use the right kind of soap.

Vegetine Soap is the best for you because, while it has all the advantages of the best toilet soap, it contains nothing that will injure the most sensitive skin.

Therefore, while taking Vegetine Pills you should use only Vegetine Soap.

A SUGGESTION.

Buy a box of Vegetine Pills TO-DAY from your local chemist. Follow the directions, and in three days you will notice an improvement, in ten or fourteen days you will be astonished by the change for the better in your appearance. And in a very short time you will have an absolutely perfect skin.

Sold by all chemists at 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s., and the Soap at 9d. per tablet; or direct, post free.

NEW DISCOVERY CURES RHEUMATISM ALL SUFFERERS MAY TRY IT FREE

REMARKABLE OFFER BY SPECIALIST.

Everyone is talking about the wonderful treatment for Rheumatism just discovered. It cures the most obstinate cases in a few weeks. People who have suffered for 30 and 40 years can now walk and go about their daily life as if they had never had Rheumatism. It sounds too good to be true; but it is true, and you can prove it without spending money. Mr. Charles Stafford, the well-known specialist, says: "I want every rheumatic sufferer to write to me. Don't send any money; just 2d. in stamps for postage and packing. I will send you some of my wonderful Treatment free to try, and let you know what it is doing for hundreds of people who had given up hope of ever being any better, let alone being cured. Every day you delay writing is a day spent in needless suffering. Just put your name and address only on a sheet of paper, and enclose with 2d. stamps. Don't suffer an hour longer than you need. Post your letter to-day to Mr. Chas. Stafford (Dept. D.M.), 40, High Holborn, London, W.C.—(Adv't.)"



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 of sale offer. In no case will
 the holder be required to send
 for use of the same person
 on the same day. We make the
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MISCELLANEOUS.
A NEW Cure for Deafness.—Full particulars of a certain Cure for Deafness and Noises will be sent post free by D. Clifton, 13, Bread-st Hill, London, E.C.

MARKETING BY POST.
ALL Alive.—Sample pack.—Fresh fish, 6lb. 2s. 9d., 9lb. 3s. 9d., 15lb. 5s. 6d.; or, 4d. per lb. E. FIDGWAYS, Grimsby Docks.

Look Out for Mr. Bottomley's Article in the "Sunday Pictorial"

THE "Sunday Pictorial" Is
the Most Popular Paper
in the World : : :

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

EVERY Member of the
Family Enjoys Reading
the "Sunday Pictorial" : :

SIR RICHARD UDNY MARRIES HIS NURSE. 1931-71



Sir Richard Udny, K.C.S.I., and his bride (Miss Edith Phyllis Davies), who, it is stated, nursed him during an illness.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

DOG SETS OUT ON ERRAND OF MERCY 1921-9



A French Red Cross dog on the battlefield. In his mouth he is carrying the cap of a wounded Zouave, to whom he will lead succour.

CLOGS FOR LONDON SCHOOLCHILDREN. 1935



Taking a hint from Lancashire. They are quite comfortable. 1935



The clog parade. All are anxious to show them.

Owing to the increased price of leather the children attending a Notting Hill school have been provided with clogs.

NEW YORK'S TRIBUTE TO ENGLISH BEAUTY. 1928



New York has chosen the five prettiest girls, but cannot make up its mind about the sixth. One of them is an English girl, Miss Wright (seen above in flying dress), whose parents live at Blackpool. They are to help at the great Russian-American bazaar.